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RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

A New Novel by J. A. MITCHELL, Editor of LIFE.

# GLORIA VICTIS

12mo. \$1.25.

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UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.

Every American soldier  
and every American  
sailor should carry the  
best American watch.

The original American  
watch was a Waltham  
watch. Waltham  
watches are now, as they  
always have been, the  
best American watches.





A NEW FIELD BATTERY

FOR UTILIZING INEXPERIENCED MILLIONAIRES WHO WISH TO COMMAND SOMETHING.

## A Tale with a Moral.



would not disturb the present bliss of her unconsciousness. He would not add one minute of wakefulness to the sum total of her distress. And yet there was so much to be done, and only that which a woman knew how to do. Perhaps, after all— He paused in deep contemplation, and tried to review the situation calmly. He recalled his home-coming of the night previous, and his

IT would be a pity, Dimpleton thought, to awaken her. The horror of the situation had made him restless all night, and the secret dread of coming daylight had oppressed him in the dark hours and awakened him prematurely. Now that he had arisen so quietly, his sympathies were turned towards his wife. Poor girl, it was time enough for her to face the crisis when she woke up. He

encounter with the inebriated cook. He recalled his temporary discomfiture, his final appeal to his next door neighbor, Tassleton, the ultimate victory of the allies, and the flight of the enemy. Then came his wife's semi-hysteria, his own sudden inspiration, their hurried departure to the theatre with the Tassletons as their guests, the night, the daylight, and the present problem of who was to get breakfast. Perhaps, after all, he repeated, it would be well to awaken her. She might have wished him to. But no! He would show her he was not the incompetent person she considered. Here was his chance. She should sleep in sweet forgetfulness, and he himself, with his own hands, would prepare the breakfast. He smiled as he pictured the glad look of surprise that would come to her face when he woke her and told her of all that had been accomplished.

It was one hour later. Through the thin haze of smoke that had penetrated even to the rooms on the second floor, the figure of a man approached with uncertain steps the bedside of his wife. His arms, bare to the elbows, were blackened and seared with blisters. The odor of a burned omelet hung over him like a pall. He cracked eggshells even as he walked, and soggy coffee grounds flecked his apparel. But his face, though begrimed with soot and red as a sunset through black clouds, was filled with the sublime

look of one who has waded through fire and water, overcome all difficulties, and finally triumphed.

Mrs. Dimpleton opened her eyes slowly, looked at her husband with startled interest, sprang forward, and waved her arms in the air. "What has happened?" she exclaimed, wildly. "What is the matter? Is the house on fire?"

Her husband gazed at her with an air of mingled superiority and crafty anticipation of the joy that was to be all hers.

"Not at all, dear," he said, airily. "I thought I would give you a little surprise, so I got up quietly an hour ago, went downstairs and cooked the breakfast. It is now on the table."

Mrs. Dimpleton looked at her husband, then looked at the clock, which told that it was half-past eight, then looked back at him, and laughed that peculiar laugh which always comes to a woman when she is about to inflict a measure of humiliation on a loved one.

"My dear," she said, "didn't you know that Mrs. Tassleton had invited us both to take breakfast with them at nine o'clock?"

Tom Masson.

HE: Why is it your mother so seldom trusts us alone?

"Oh, mother knows me better than you do, George."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXII. JULY 14, 1898. No. 814.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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WHAT the average citizen thinks of the war seems to depend on several things besides the facts in issue—upon his age, his condition of health, what he had for dinner, and the weather.

There is much to be said on both sides of the war question. When the average citizen's emotions are optimistic, he realizes the conspicuous incapacity of the Spanish to govern colonies, and even to provide a fairly honest government for themselves. He realizes that to put an end to Spanish dominion outside of Spain is a great good, likely to benefit Spain herself as much as anyone else, but not to be brought about except by force of arms. These considerations make him feel better about the war. But when his liver is torpid and his spirits low, he feels that we have rushed in where circumspect angels would have declined to tread; that we are not known to be good colonial administrators ourselves; that we have undertaken responsibilities which threaten to be not only vexatious, but exceedingly expensive; that the Spanish are not intelligent enough to know when they are whipped, and may keep us fighting much longer than is really necessary, and that our new "imperial policy" is painfully prejudicial to the peace of mind of deliberate citizens who believe in letting good enough alone.

There are, apparently, a limited number of people in the country who are for the war all the time, and glad we undertook it, and ready to face all the inconvenience, danger, responsibility and expense that may result from it. There are also a limited number of people who are opposed to the war all the time, and convinced that it is a lament-

able enterprise. But the mind of the average citizen seems to work back and forth between these extremes. Now he is glad; again he is sorry; now he is reconciled; again he is filled with forebodings, and inclined to anathematize all jingoes, and fire-eaters, and shouters for the annexation of the Spanish islands, and to hark back to the Farewell Address and our old policy of staying at home. Which way the average American's mind will finally lean is the most important political question of the hour. He would like to know himself, for uncertainty tires him. He is sure all the time that he will support his government, but he doesn't know in what course he will support it. His government is embarrassed, too; for, looking far ahead, it cannot plan its course except in so far as it can forecast his probable wishes. So the average citizen and the government both watch events, take one step at a time, and wait on Providence.



AN address that Mr. Cleveland made at Lawrenceville the other day has received a good deal of attention, especially from those contemporaries of his whose antipathy to him is the strongest. Perhaps they realize that if the Farewell Address is obsolete it may not be the only tradition that will lose its power, but that, among other things, the objections to a third term may be ruled out as unsuited to a nation with an imperial policy. When we put on imperialism in foreign affairs it will be of greater importance than ever that our government shall be administered by statesmen of experience. Mr. Cleveland, however, is distinctly opposed to the imperial policy.



MR. SMALLEY, who contributes some "Notes on Journalism" to *Harper's Magazine*, thinks that "there is probably nothing about which the outside world is more curious than the inside of a great newspaper office."

That once was true, but whether it is

true still, seems a little doubtful. Mr. Smalley himself remarks that the influence of newspapers in America has fallen off of late years in very noticeable measure. Is it not also true that interest in newspaper offices and what goes on there has also fallen off? Men buy papers just as they buy cotton cloth, for convenience's sake, but with considerable indifference to the working of the machinery by which they were produced. What appears in the columns of some newspapers of very great circulation often tends to make readers of average discrimination prefer not to know what goes on in their offices. Between the newspapers in whose service it is a discredit and a moral misfortune to be engaged, and those which are not themselves successful enough to make success in their service worth while, the whole industry seems at present to be lacking in the ability to confer distinction upon its successful professors.

The most satisfactory thing in the newspaper houses of New York is the Hoe press, which has no morals, no opinions, no misgivings and no compunctions, but goes like everything and prints the news. In the editorial offices are many industrious men, and some clever ones, but great men seem not to be developed in editors' offices in New York any more. It is another instance where machinery has beaten brains.

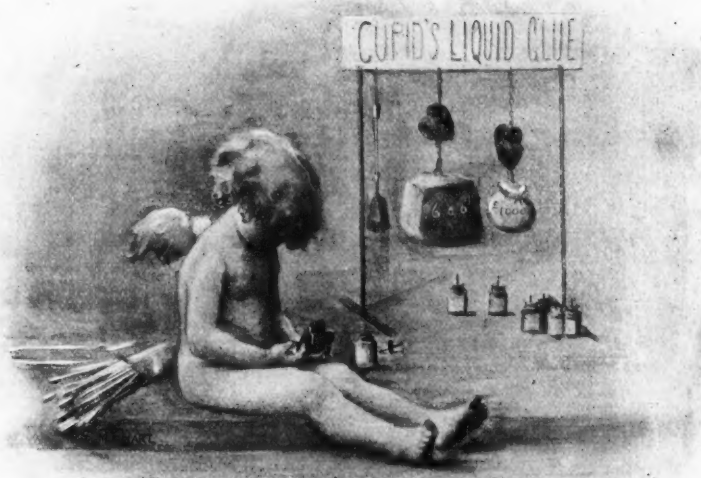


NOW is the time for Yale and Harvard to stop rowing Cornell, if they want to. Cornell has had all the fun with them that she needs for the present, and is reported to have conceived a plan for great, old-time combination college regattas in future on Saratoga Lake, or somewhere else, in which eight or ten crews shall compete at once. That is the precise form of aquatic sport that Harvard and Yale most loathe. There is no good reason why they shouldn't decline if they wish to. All the important ends for which Yale and Harvard row boat races can be served by their annual race at New London, whether Cornell or any other college shares it or not. To restrict or distribute public interest in college sports in this country is the problem; not to increase and concentrate it. More races in more places are preferable to more crews in any single race.



### A Plea for Stupidity.

**S**TUPIDITY, after all, has its merits. To convince a stupid man of his own stupidity is generally impossible, which in itself is a source of invulnerability from outside discomfiture. The sensitive, high-strung, nervous organism has no idea of the security that goes with general stupidity. Among sensitives, the cultivation of a judicious stupidity is more to be desired than much fine gold. A proper culture in dullness is a source of serenity which rarely comes except to old age. Not to know that you are understood is oftentimes better than to know that you are misunderstood.



**C**UPID'S latest!

Why not try it?

"Cupid's Liquid Glue."

Broken hearts,

When mended by it,

Just as good as new!

Shattered vows can be cemented,

Lovers' quarrels be prevented,

By a drop or two.

Wandering fancies stuck together!

Roaming couples brought to  
tether!

Maidens false made true!

Wayward youths no more unstable!

Use the only (on the label)

"Cupid's Liquid Glue."

Burning passions don't affect it;

Or to chilling looks subject it;

Cracks do not ensue.

When with unshed tears diluted,

Then its power's undisputed.

*Directions* what to do:

Sprinkle well all nooks secluded,

Stairs and landings, halls included,

Where the lights are few.

'Twill recover stolen kisses!

Lost loves found! And vanished  
blisses

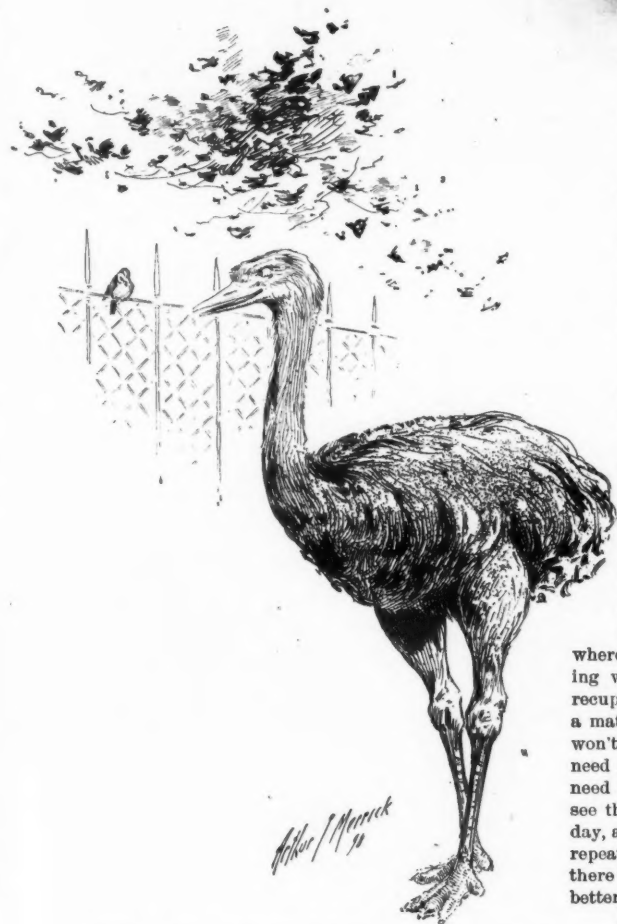
Quickly brought to view!

Agents wanted, terms are ample,

Mention **LIFE** and send for sample

"Cupid's Liquid Glue."

Mary Theresa Hart.



The Sparrow: WHY DO YOU CALL YOURSELF AN "OSTRICH"?

The Cassowary: SH!—NOT SO LOUD. THAT IS MY NOM DE PLUME.

**T**O THE TIRED MAN WHO MEDI-

TATES SPENDING HIS VACA-

TION AT HOME: Whatever else you

do about your vacation, don't

spend it at home. You couldn't

make a greater mistake. Go some-

where! You may think that, with nothing

whatever to do, you can rest and

recuperate delightfully at home; but, as

a matter of fact, hanging around home

won't do you a bit of good. You may

need rest, but the chances are that you

need more a change. At home you will

see the same familiar objects day after

day, and get the same dull impressions

repeated over and over again; the rest

there won't benefit you at all; you would

better have kept on at work. What you

want is to see something different.

Go somewhere, if it's only into

the next county; you will find it

all new there. Have your plans

all ready, and, when the time comes,

light out on the morning of the

first day!

Forget the old routine, and give

your dull self a chance to rebound.

What you need is a change. Go

somewhere! Alvin Dipperton.

**I**T is better to have loved and

bossed, than never to have

loved at all.

**Decidedly.**

**B**RIGGS: That was a great

dance. I hope I made an

impression on that girl.

GRIGGS: I guess you did. She

has been limping ever since.



AT LIFE'S FARM.—IN THE WOODS.

### Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,099 37
Miss Helen Frothingham.....	15 00
U. H. C.....	10 00
Sam'l H. Ordway.....	5 00
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Mrs. E. D. M. and E. S. M.....	3 00
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Part proceeds of a Fair at Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale, Mass., organized by the following children: Mary C. Buchan, Marion Childsey, Elizabeth Train, Mary Butler, Robert R. Has- brouck, Francis W. Dasher, Philip Goodnow and Dorothy Straine.....	25 00
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### The Gospel of Humor.

THE cynical editor of *London Truth*, who long ago solved the problem of getting a great deal of fun out of life while engaged in the rather dastardly business of personal journalism, in a recent paragraph put his creed in brief compass. It is a fine bit of worldly philosophy, and ought even to commend itself to the unworldly. "I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not

necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfiture. Blessed with this sense, he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturb his equanimity. Bores do not bore him. Humbugs do not humbug him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gush does not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him."

A sense of humor may not do all of those delightful and useful things, but it usually is found only with other qualities of mind and temperament that do. It is probably a truer way of putting it to say that a lively sense of humor is only found in that very sane, evenly balanced type of mind that is capable of detaching itself from its own personality, and looking at the human spectacle in a broad, unprejudiced manner. All perfectly sane minds are not humorous, but all humorous minds are sane.

Labouchere's philosophy can be found elaborately and acutely expounded in its application to literature in George Meredith's illuminating essay on "The Comic Spirit." When you see it through Meredith's gentle spirit the element of cynical indifference vanishes, and the Comic Spirit takes its place among those kindly, uplifting forces that shed light without scorching. It becomes the clear-eyed, civ-

ilized, cultivated mind, looking at the world as it is without blinking or deceiving itself; and, in the face of all its foibles, able to laugh with the world, and yet not lose respect for itself or the world.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS does not profess to be in close communion with the Comic Spirit on all occasions, but there are very few things which he cannot laugh at if given an opportunity. Ghosts have been heretofore considered outside the realm of laughter. Their business in life, or death, has been to strike terror to the heart. Mr. Bangs, in "Ghosts I Have Met" (Harper), shows that all these years we have been mistaken about them. Instead of treating them with awe, he domesticates them. He pats them on the back, exchanges direful puns with them, treats them as good-fellows or nuisances, as the mood strikes him—but never with respect. In fact, he shows up ghosts in their proper light. When you have read his book you will determine to have a ghost in your family if you have to buy one. They are far more amusing in a house than the traditional skeleton in the closet. Moreover, they do not occupy any room at all; whereas a skeleton must have a whole closet to itself. *Droch.*

THE man who can live on a dollar a day is a menace to society; he is no man's slave.

### The End of the World.

ON the 31st of December, xxxx, two figures were slowly approaching the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates—a man and a woman, last of the human race—Mr. and Mrs. Fin. Mrs. Fin was becomingly gowned in a moire antique bell-skirt, with sun-pleats festooned with Venetian point-lace caught in with a girdle of cat's-eyes, a loose blouse waist elaborately trimmed with applique, bouffant sleeves, V-shaped corsage, Elizabethan collar, and a broad-brimmed Gainsboro' hat with black ostrich plumes. Mr. Fin appeared in a frock-coat, double-breasted corduroy waistcoat, diagonal trousers and patent leather shoes, with a beaver hat.

It was midnight. As the couple approached the confluence, a gigantic vessel steamed slowly up the stream and cast anchor at the mouth of the Y. A small gangplank was lowered, and in less time than it takes to typewrite, a procession of assorted animals made their way down to the shore, two by two, and, much to Mr. and Mrs. Fin's surprise, grief and mortification, proceeded, with many apologies and with singular *naïveté*, to divest them of their respective wardrobes.

An elephant helped himself first to Mr. Fin's ivory-headed cane. An ostrich calmly but firmly appropriated Mrs. Fin's feathers. A beaver reluctantly deprived the unfortunate gentleman of his hat, while a nimble tortoise deftly picked the haircombs and pins from his wife's head. Mr. Fin, stunned with amazement, made no resistance while a few sheep robbed him of his outer garments; but Mrs. Fin began to be a little shocked when two industrious silkworms began to ravel and wind up her bell-skirt, and a large Mo removed his mohair from the lining. The situation now became somewhat tense, and when a huge but conscientious whale appeared and carefully abstracted the bones from the lady's stays her embarrassment



Mr. and Mrs. Fin.



"A gigantic vessel steamed slowly up the stream."



"An elephant helped himself."





"Two industrious silkworms."

was almost painful. We must now hurry a little with our narrative. Suffice it to say that two business-like camels approached and absent-mindedly devoured the Jaeger suits in which Mr. and Mrs. Fin had both always been firm believers. Things had now gone so far that the couple cheerfully resigned themselves to the inevitable, as an absently enthusiastic alligator escorted



"A huge but conscientious whale appeared."



"All the fruit they could find."

a pair of patent kids to the scene of the divestivities, and gayly claimed possession of the shoes. It now only remained for a dozen excited oysters, shouting their college yell, to rush down the gangplank and dexterously abstract the pearl earrings from Mrs. Fin's ears, and the necklace which was her only remaining ornament.

THERE was an awkward pause. When at length the pair recovered sufficiently to speak of the weather, which, as Mr. Fin remarked, had not moderated, the animals had disappeared. The couple, resuming their stroll, at length found themselves at the lodge gates of what seemed to be a large park, or garden. They entered, and, almost fainting with mortification and hunger, made their way hurriedly toward an orchard which was visible in the distance. All the fruit they could find, however, was a windfall russet apple, upon which they fell forthwith. Much to their disgust, it was found to have been bitten, and, making a tiny mouse, the fastidious Mrs. Fin presented it to her spouse, who, with a shrug, refused the fruit and replaced it upon the tree. O. Herford.

CULTIVATE the pause in oratory and in proposing.

## The Tar-Baby Outdone.

IF there is a thing that is harder to let go of than a tar-baby it is a thoroughly managed modern periodical. If you want to have a voluminous experience at moderate cost subscribe for three months for the weekly *Parasite*, and let events take their course. When the term of your subscription is up you will get a notice enclosing an addressed envelope for renewal. If that doesn't fetch you, you will receive another with a circular telling why you ought not to live without the *Parasite*. If you are still unmoved you will probably receive a typewritten letter enclosing a coin-transmitter, and, after that, for a long time you will be liable to communications, at uncertain intervals, giving lists of the

*Parasite's* impending "features," and beckoning to you, cajoling you, imploring you to fall in line again and sustain the benefits the *Parasite* holds out. At what period the *Parasite* finally marks the name of a former subscriber off its list and ceases to send him solicitations and sample copies, no one is old enough to tell.

The best way when you have really determined to go without further *Parasites* is to write: "J. Smith died on the —th instant. His subscription will not be renewed.—B. JONES, Executor."

If your conscience doesn't permit you to use such a subterfuge as that, use this form: "Please change address of my *Parasite* to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, and stop paper when subscription expires." This method is very artful, and has the effect of side-tracking all the supplementary correspondence.

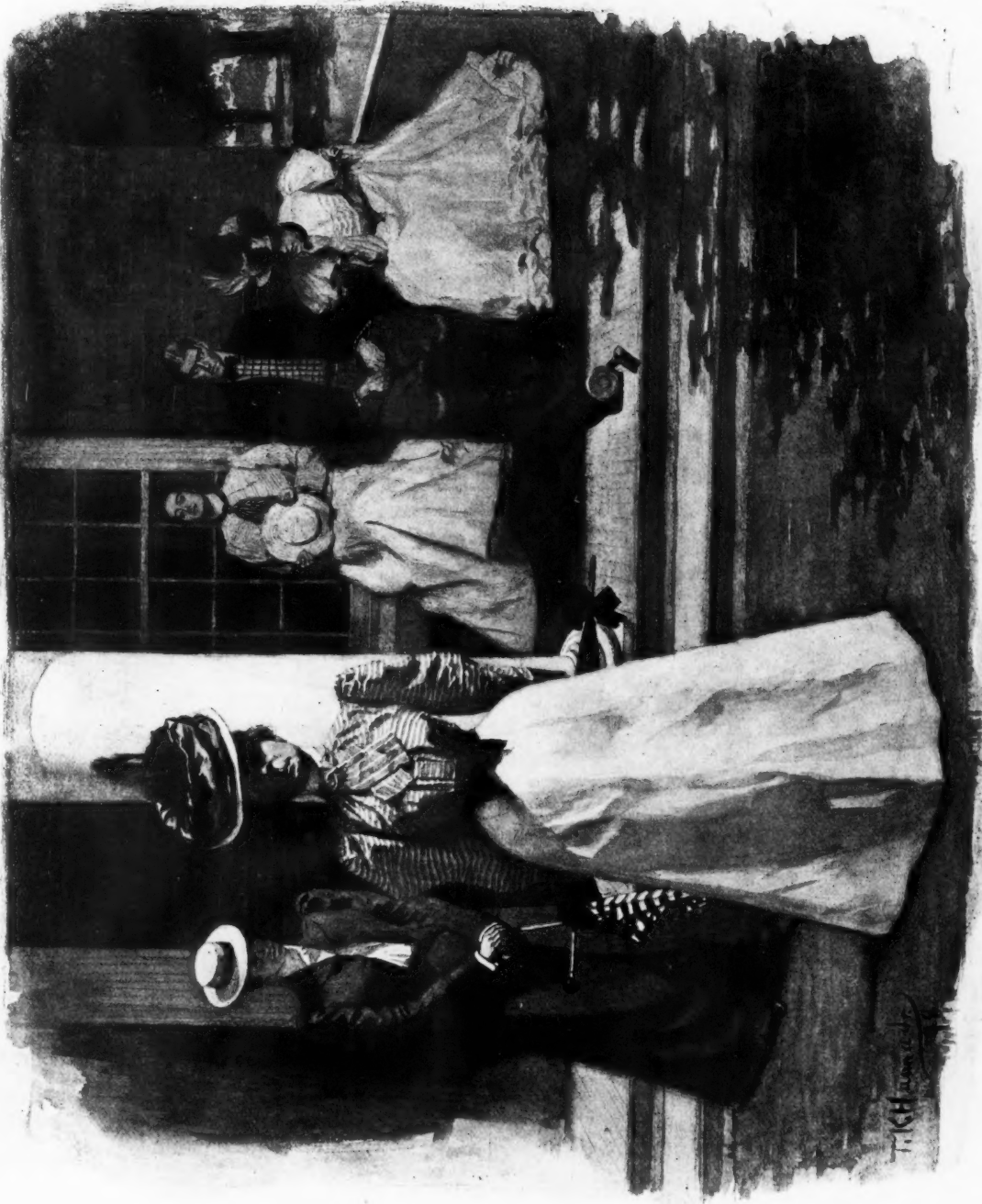
IDEAS are tramps begging for clothes.

## Confidence.

(Two parents talking schools.)

"GROTBORO'S a good school."  
"Yes; I am told that the future of the Grotdoro boys is felt to be so secure that they teach them the harp."

LOVE prefers its own illusions to the most perfect reality.



A DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

On the porch: SHE HAS THE HARDEST TIME OF ANY WOMAN I KNOW.  
"IN WHAT WAY?"

"SHE TRIES TO MAKE HER WORLDLY FRIENDS THINK SHE IS NOT RELIGIOUS, AND HER RELIGIOUS FRIENDS THINK SHE IS NOT WORLDLY."



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OUR WAR.

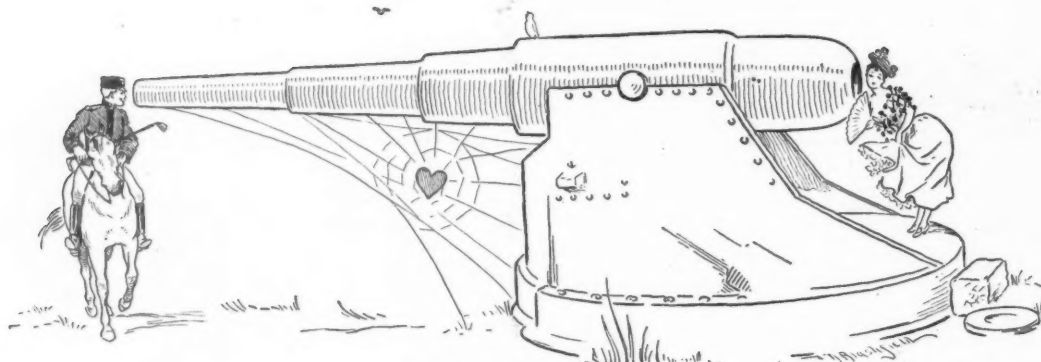


• L E •



F. T. RICHARDS

OUR WAR.



EVEN A CANNON HAS ITS USES.

### The Literary Hack.

HE writes of woods and pastures green;  
 Gray roofs lie round about;  
 Above the smoke-stained chimney-pots  
 The sun, at times, peeps out.  
 The sport of Fortune—well he recks  
 The fickle jade's attack.  
 His wit is keen, his touch is fine—  
 The literary hack.

Grotesque to some his fate may seem;  
 He pictures Fashion Street;  
 And yet the meagre rent he owes  
 Is more than he can meet.  
 He sings of diamonds for his queen,  
 Of ornaments of gold—  
 Although the sum the poem brings  
 To him is wealth untold.

Amid his lines fair woman walks,  
 Her whispered vows we hear—  
 Perchance the maid whom best he knows  
 Serves him his lunch or beer.  
 And while the waltz or reel he weaves  
 Into a dainty rhyme,  
 An old hand-organ sounds below  
 In wretched tune and time.

True heart and light, all praise to you  
 Whose words, though careless, free,  
 Are sent from out your humble den  
 To live defiantly.

Brave skylark, from the heights you reach  
 Your song comes ringing back  
 To us, who envy you your lot,  
 Oh, literary hack! *Edwin L. Sabin.*

### A Landscape.

WE have a wonderful picture at our house on  
 which we feast our eyes at least twice a  
 day, when the light comes soon enough and lingers  
 long enough to make the dimming darkness  
 of gaslight unnecessary at the morning and  
 evening meals. Alice sits at table so as to face  
 it squarely; I can get a favorable view by leaning  
 a little bit to the left and cocking my eye to the  
 right, and we compare notes as to effects of light

and shade, which are but rarely the same, even under similar conditions of season, wind and weather. The details of the picture change from time to time as completely as though it were a panorama with its shifting views. Sometimes there is the richest coloring to be found in the work of any of our Orientalists; occasionally there is the deep, cool green of an English park, while at other times there is only the peaceful monotone of a Corot. Perhaps twice a year we get a brief glimpse of a snow scene which transcends in beauty anything I have ever seen elsewhere. And we have all this without the aid of draperies, coloring or artificial lights, while the picture is never moved. We always see the same features

of landscape—the same slope of lawn to a high picket fence, the same trees and brushwood and tangled grass on the other side, with a strip of roadway, just visible through an opening, on a hill in the distance. And the frame of the picture is about the size of an ordinary window sash.

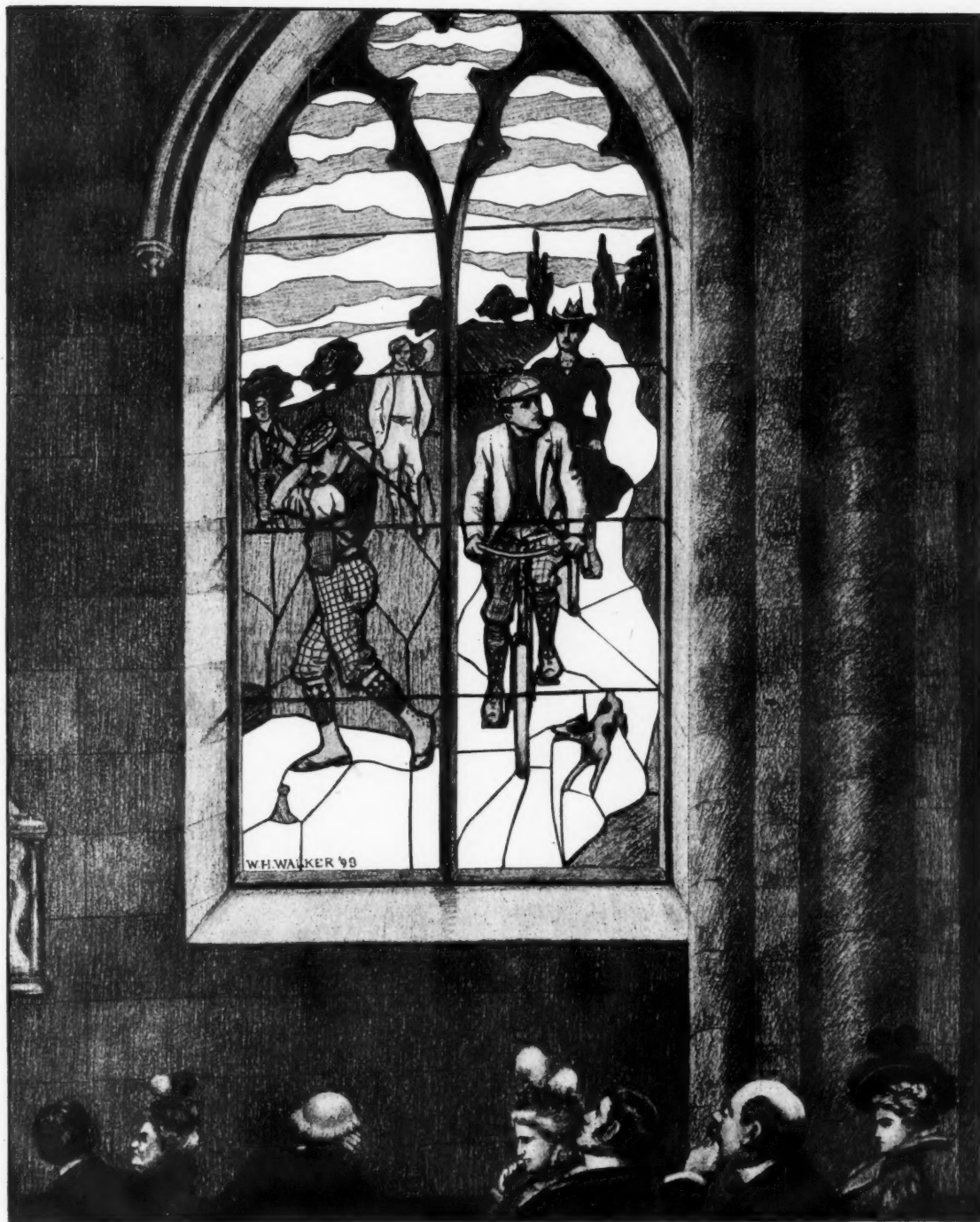
*Frederic Mason.*



"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT, LITTLE BOY?"

"'CAUSE I'M SO BEASTLY MEAN AND SELFISH THAT I AIN'T GOIN' TER GIVE FREDDIE NONE OF MY CANDY."

*T.S. Allen*



CONSOLATORY.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ABLE-BODIED WORSHIPPERS ON RAINY SUNDAYS.





POKER TERMS  
"HOLDING UP A KICKER."

### The Solemn Ass.



WHEREVER the English language is spoken the Solemn Ass has his habitat; and he is numerous to the verge of crowding in this Republic. You can find him in every business and profession; and quite frequently you find his handsome long ears supplemented by the teeth, appetite and *savoir faire* of the hyena. He is generally admired; he is regarded with awe by lesser humbugs; and his hide renders him superior and impervious to the flippancy and irreverent who belittle and traduce him.

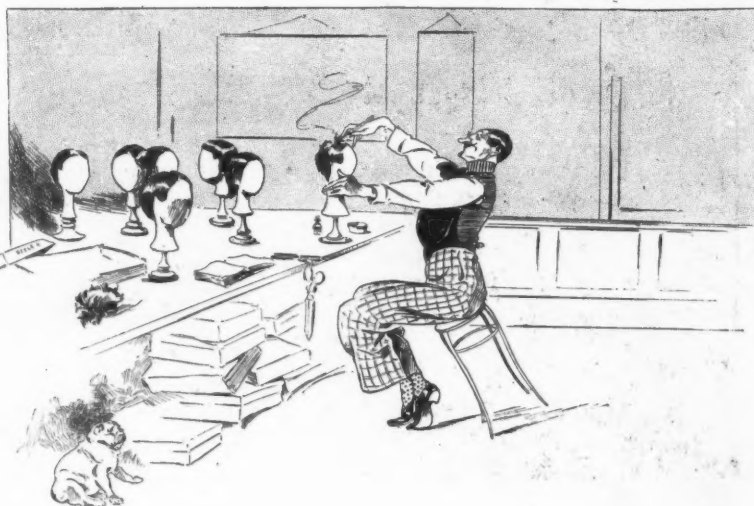
The Solemn Ass believes thoroughly in the axiom, "Silence is golden;" he sees a Klondike in every deaf and dumb asylum; when he speaks he says nothing, and does it with

impressive deliberation. If asked the hour, he will wrinkle his brow, purse his lips, point his finger at you thoughtfully and wave you into a side street, where, in slow, impressive tones, he will advise you that it is 4.15.31. Then, gazing at you with reproach in his thoughtful eyes, he will say that he missed you from church last Sunday, and abandon you there with the feeling that, somehow, you have fractured the Decalogue.

THE Solemn Ass is a fine figure at teas, readings, receptions, meetings to denounce outrages in Asia, and church sociables. He obtains a point of vantage near the refreshments, one hand behind his back, the other gently swinging his eyeglasses. He is as vivacious and picturesque as a bonded warehouse; yet, when surrounded by a group of those who worship him as a brooding Buddha, he may tap the founts of his austere wisdom and sparkle of the weather, his ailments, and the price of real estate.

The Solemn Ass of the law shrinks from the great light that beats upon the eagles of the bar; he is the owl that seeks the musty obscurity of respectable chambers. He shines most resplendent as the executor of wills, the trustee of small estates, the administrator of minor trusts, the guardian of widows and orphans. These are good bones to pick; these are duties that do not induce cerebral exhaustion. Let the eagles fight for bulls and bears; the owl, pious bird of prey, is content with small meat—sweet, sure, select. He plucks his pigeons judiciously—a feather here, a feather there, never leaving any single bird so nude as to cause unkind comment.

THE Solemn Ass of medicine avoids surgery and acute practice; he makes a specialty of hypochondria and mental maladies, and fearlessly encounters those ills of humanity that are best soothed, subdued and corrected by pathological Latin, bread pills, and the laying on of hands. His voice is subdued and sympathetic; he is master of the sigh and head shake; his garb is black and respectful; his horse and equipage fat, staid, solemn. In consultation he



THE EFFECT OF FEAR UPON—

always calls a great gun of the profession, agrees to his opinions, and poisons with authority. His nurses are mature, pious, and chemically pure; his undertakers models of well regulated anguish.

The Solemn Ass can be found in art, literature, commerce, science—in fact, in all the departments of human activity outside of politics and the Tenderloin. He is the same interesting, joyous, guileless, stimulating, delightful, unselfish creature everywhere, and is, besides, a conservative force in a lax and bibulous civilization.

*Joseph Smith.*

### A Calculating Wife.

**EX-SERVANT:** My husband's been beatin' me again, Miss Mary, and I'd twenty minds to have him arrested.

**MISS MARY:** Why didn't you?

"Well, I was thinkin', too, with me so lame and him not workin', how'd I ever get the money to pay the fine!"

**IT** is not what we have learned that we know; it is what we have guessed.

**WITH** men love is an affection of the eyes; with women, of the ears.

**"I** DON'T think Stuffer likes to sit at the dinner with such a pretty girl."

"Why not?"

"It distracts his attention."



SIR LANCELOT.

### An Arctic Explorer.

**I** AM a man of iron will  
And perfect fearlessness;  
I set out boldly toward my goal,  
Resolved to win success.  
That goal which no man yet has reached  
Of all who dared to start,  
The coldest spot in all the earth—  
I mean Clorinda's heart.

All schemes that mortal could devise  
I summoned to my aid;  
For years, o'er every obstacle  
I triumphed undismayed.  
But, though right manfully and well  
I strove to do my part,  
The ice I found impassable  
Around Clorinda's heart.

*Cornelia E. Green.*



THE HUMAN HAIR.



## THE LADIES OF OLD CADIZ.

I'd like to go to Cadiz,  
Just to see those witching ladies,  
Those witching, witching ladies, where the orange blossoms blow;  
With their dainty cigarillas,  
And their quite too sweet mantillas—  
Oh, to Cadiz, with its ladies, I will go.

And when our guns were booming,  
With a pity quite consuming  
I would say, "Oh, charming ladies, please to hustle now aboard;  
For although we humble Cadiz  
We don't war against the ladies,  
And the ladies of old Cadiz need not fear the Yankee sword."

And with their cigarillas,  
And their all too cute mantillas,  
I would load up every cruiser with this fascinating crew;  
And so by easy stages  
I would bring these fair hostages,  
All these ladies of old Cadiz, far across the ocean blue.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"WERE you able to sell old Billions a lot?" asked the superintendent of the cemetery.

The agent shook his head. "He was afraid he might not get the full value of it," he explained.

"But, hang it all, a man has got to die some time!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"That's what I told him; but he only answered: 'Suppose I should be lost at sea?'" —Chicago Evening Post.

YOUNG Mr. Banks weighs a trifle over two hundred pounds, and is somewhat sensitive about it. He was calling on a young woman the other evening when she said, naively: "Oh, Mr. Banks, would you just as soon sit in this easy chair as in that rocker?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied Mr. Banks, gallantly, as he changed from one chair to the other.

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" she murmured; "you are very kind. I have an Atlas full of such lovely ferns under the cushion of that easy chair, and you—"

"Good night," said Banks, stiffly, as he walked away, never, never to return.—Tit-Bits.

THE native servants in Hawaii used to address their mistresses as they heard other members of the household address them, not infrequently calling them by their first names. An Englishwoman determined on her arrival in Honolulu that her servants should never call her Mary, and instructed them carefully in the presence of her husband. One day, when she had visitors, her cook put his head in at the drawing-room door, and politely inquired: "What vegetables for dinner to-day, my love?" He had heard her called that, and seemed proud of remembering not to say Mary.—Argonaut.

MRS. HILIVER: Husband, dear, what makes you so pensive?

MR. HILIVER: Possibly, love, it's because you're so expensive.—Jewellers' Weekly.

"TELL me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily."

"Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the smart ones; all those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones."—Chicago Record.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER was once talking informally to the students of the Art League in New York on "Refinement." "And how may one best attain to this ideal refinement?" asked one young man. Mr. Warner stroked his whiskers very earnestly for a space, but this was the utmost he could find of encouragement: "A very good way is to inherit it."—Argonaut.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is notoriously parsimonious. A wet afternoon he hailed a cab in Bond Street, and requested to be driven to Victoria station. Arrived there, he handed the cabman a shilling. Then, of course, came the inevitable "Ere, what's this? Can't you make it another sixpence?"

"Certainly not," said the noble fare. "And, what more, you came the wrong way. What made you go round Hyde Park Corner and Grosvenor Place?"

The cabby saw that he had no chance, and chaffingly replied:

"Wot for? 'Cos St. James' Park is closed—that's all for it!"

"Closed? St. James' Park closed? Why, how's that?" "Oh, they say as 'ow the Dook dropped a threepenny piece a-comin' across the park last night, and the park closed till they find it."—Ware.

HANRAHAN: Some of them new guns will carry five miles.

HOULIHAN: At wan shot?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"THERE's another Spanish fleet headed this way," said the First Lieutenant.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Dewey. "Then we'll have to go out and meet them. There isn't room at the bottom of the bay for any more."—Philadelphia North American.

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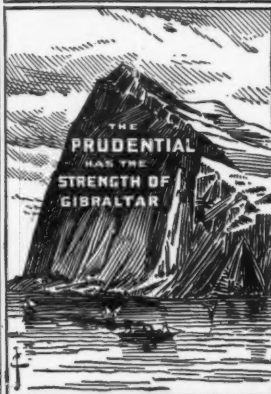
THE fashionable precious stone of to-day is the turquoise and only the fear that this gem will not hold its color prevents many from buying one. This fear is usually well grounded, and conservative jewelers throughout the world refuse to guarantee the color of a turquoise unless it is one from the Azure Mines.

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A YOUNG lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.

"How's bizness in town?" Inquired the aged man.

"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.

"What ye doin' now?"

"Practicing law."

"What's yer brother Jim doin'?"

"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.

"Is Jim married yet?"

"No."

The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he dryly observed:

"Has to dee-pend on hired help, eh?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

My daughter, who teaches in a mission Sunday-school, tells me of a Dewey experience she had with a youngster making his first appearance. She had put him through a half hour or more of instruction in the rudimentary principles, for he was entirely lacking in information on that point, and to test him was reviewing her work with him.

"Now," she said, "tell me again who made the world and all that is in it."

"God did," replied the boy, with commendable promptitude.

"God can do everything, can't he?" she asked again.

The boy hesitated a moment.

"I don't believe He could lick Dewey," he answered at last, and his teacher sat silent between her religion and her patriotism. It wasn't her time to say anything, if she didn't want to lose that boy forever, and she had wit enough to let it go at that.—Washington Star.

#### ALWAYS WATCHFUL.

The milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.

WHEN Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch-boat, the Admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoitre. The Southerners had a way of rushing a field-piece to the top of the high bank, firing point-blank at the gunboat, and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot.

"Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant?" said he; "don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

A day or so after the Admiral dodged a shot. The Lieutenant smiled and held his tongue; but the Admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude, and finally declared:

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it!"—Argonaut.

"SAY, dad, there is a New York dude over thar in the El Dorado saloon. Come out and lick him."

"See here, son, are you tryin' to git your old dad into trouble? You just read up on that first Cuban battle. Your dad's goin' to let the dude family severely alone hereafter."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You know, dear," said Miss Dolyers, frankly, to her accepted suitor, "you know we get none of papa's money while he lives."

"I quite understand that, my precious pet," replied the young man, with the light of love in his eyes. "We will invite him to live with us, put a folding-bed in his room and hope for the best."—Odds and Ends.

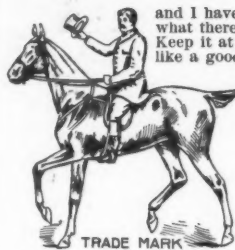
GENERAL EDWARD E. BRYANT, of Madison, tells a story that fits in at the present time very nicely. There was a pious man in the crew of an ironclad. He had been told one evening that in all probability the next day would witness a great battle. When he prayed that night he put special stress upon the plea that the vessel upon which himself and his comrades were serving might escape disaster, saying among other things: "O Lord, shield us from the shells and other projectiles of the enemy, but if any shells and solid shot do come to our vessel, I pray Thee that they may be distributed as prize money is distributed, mostly among the officers."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Prince of Wales's Favorite Wine,

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## "Wherefore all this Success



and I have none," saith the croaker. A word of advice—produce what there is a great demand for, at any cost, and you'll succeed. Keep it at a standard of excellence and hold it there. Americans like a good thing and will pay for it. Americans hate a mean thing and won't have it. Thus, the

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

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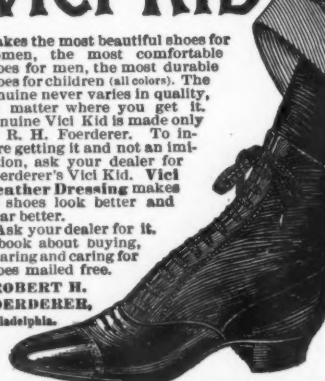
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